

The Oxford Democrat.

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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1855.

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OLD SERIES, VOL. 22, NO. 14.

Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."
DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

Salutatory.
Under the very able and judicious management of its present political Editor, the Democrat has attained a high position among the journals of this State. Its main and independent stand in defence of true Democratic Republicanism, and against sham, misrule and corruption, both in State and Nation, has secured for it the respect and high consideration of the intelligence and integrity of the State, and a patronage highly encouraging to its Publishers. Encouraged by this mark of approbation, and the hope of its continuance and increase, and determined that no effort shall be wanting on their part, to merit public patronage the publishers have procured an entire new suit of most beautiful type, in which it is dressed this week, making it one of the handsomest country papers in the State, in mechanical execution, and have added a new feature—the appropriation of four or five columns of the first page to Agriculture and Horticulture, which they have placed under the supervision and care of the subscriber.

As is customary in such cases, we present ourselves to the patrons of the Democrat, make our best bow, and briefly indicate the course we intend to pursue in the management of this department.

Before proceeding to this, we beg leave to say, we enter on the duty assigned us, with no small degree of diffidence. We have had experience enough in conducting newspapers, to know how difficult it is to make a paper which shall meet the varied wants of the community. In addition to the difficulties usually attendant on such an undertaking, there are peculiar difficulties attendant on the management of a department of agriculture. One of the first difficulties in our way is the almost entire absence of chemical knowledge among our farmers. This absolutely forbids the treatment of any subject chemically, without great circumspection and constant explanation. And then there are the diverse and pressing wants of knowledge among our farmers in reference to their social and special operations the present season. We must therefore keep the indulgence of our readers, for whatever defects they may discover.

In regard to our course, we shall endeavor to adapt what we may say to the peculiar wants of Agriculture in Oxford County. To secure this end more effectively, we solicit contributions of our farmers, in the way of short articles or questions on such subjects as may most interest them. Questions will be answered so far as in our power, and when any question is asked, which we cannot answer, we shall frankly tell our readers so.

In the first number for each month, we shall give a summary of the farm-work to be done during that month, with suggestions in regard to the management of gardens, plants and trees. During the next month a series of articles will be inserted in relation to the preparation of manures for this season's use. So with regard to all the matter in this department—we shall endeavor to adapt it to the wants of the farmers in the season of the year when published, so far as may be. In this way we hope to be able to make this paper a desirable companion to the farmer in his every day toil, to help him in his endeavors, and cheer him in his weariness.

At our earliest convenience, we propose to print tables of the analysis of a soil from this county, and of the various kinds of manures used, and crops raised, with such explanations and suggestions as may be deemed necessary. We shall also commence a series of lessons in Agricultural Chemistry so that our young men in particular may become somewhat informed in this science. With this explanation of our objects and purposes, we enter on our duties, with the hope that we may contribute something to the progress of Agricultural Science in this county in particular, and thereby help to render agricultural pursuits more interesting and profitable.

DARIUS FORBES.

Read This.

"If you starve your animals, they will starve you."—There are many farmers who attempt to winter so much stock, that they have to keep them so short, they barely live through the winter. Then it requires half the summer to recover from the loss of winter. In consequence, they are not in a condition for early beef, which commands usually the best price. Thus a loss is here made.

In the case of young stock, they get a check on their growth, from such usage, from which they never recover, even if they do not die before spring. Here is a loss, and often a great loss, in the permanent value of animals.

Last spring we happened to be in a barn in this town, and on looking out at the back door, we saw the skeletons of three animals; two of them were yearlings, we should judge, and one a calf—all approaching one and two years of age. The aggregate value of these animals in the fall could not have been less than twenty dollars. The occupants of this place were a poor man!

What was the cause of the death of these animals, we know not, as we saw no one of whom to inquire; but from appearances, we came to the conclusion that it was from disease produced by short keeping and want of proper care. Who can doubt why this man was poor? Who can doubt that any man who permits such things to transpire on his premises will always be poor? Thus it is, "if you starve your animals, they will starve you."

Think of This.

If a calamity befalls one always endeavor to turn it to some good account. If an animal dies, do not throw it away, for then it is a total loss; but look about you and see if something may not still be made out of it. Cannot the carcass be turned to some valuable account? This should always be the inquiry, especially of the farmer.

In the instance related above, there was a total loss of these animals, if we except their skins, which in this case had been so neglected, that a large discount must have been required by the purchaser, from what would have been their value had they been properly cared for. Nor was the loss all. These carcasses laid there and putrified in the open air, diffusing their poisonous as well as offensive effluvia through the surrounding atmosphere, to annoy every traveler, and endanger the health of his other animals and that of his family. If in addition to his losses in the case, he did not have physicians bills to pay, it was not on account of the absence of a cause, or his prudence and foresight.

As every one ought to know, these carcasses lost as they were in one sense, contained the means of a partial redemption and salvation. They contained the material, had it been preserved, to have made fertilizing matter enough, and that of the most effective and powerful kind, to have thoroughly manured in the hill one half an acre of corn, which, if the ground was in fair condition before, would have yielded, in a fair season, at the rate of from fifty to sixty bushels to the acre. By not taking this further care, there was another loss of not less than ten dollars. Here then was a loss of about thirty dollars, to say nothing of the other and incidental damages which ought and we do not know, but did actually attend it, as we have not made inquiry of our friend at our elbow, the Doctor, what bills he made there.

Remember This.

If we have the misfortune to lose animals, how can we make their carcasses, when not fit for any other use, the most valuable for manure? What mode of treatment should be pursued?

The answer to this question must depend on the season of the year when the animal dies, at least in some particulars. We will describe the mode under different heads.

Summer.—As soon as the animal dies, and if possible before the body gets cold, throw on it a small quantity of slaked lime, to hasten decomposition. Then bury it under a pile of manure, or in a tight cask, and add to them dilute sulphuric acid—one part of the acid to three of water—enough to cover them. If you break up your bones, the smaller the better—they will dissolve the sooner. Add more straw to your heap and if you have old manure, litter, or long manure, you may add this in layers, and then pour the liquid from your cask on the heap and cover it again with plaster. When the liquid is poured out of your cask, if you find the bones are not all dissolved, add more acid, so as to till they are dissolved. If you add straw or any other undecomposed substance, fermentation will again take place, and you must look well to it, and supply so much water as may be necessary to prevent burning. In a few weeks, the whole mass will be thoroughly decomposed, and fit to apply to any crop you may choose. If you cannot get manure, you can use lime in its place, only it will require much more than manure, as its absorbent powers are much smaller.

Winter.—The only difference between Winter and Summer management, is, that more care is requisite to secure the amount of heat necessary to produce fermentation, and in regard to the material to be used, as a covering, in the absence of manure. But a good supply of this should always be kept on hand for Winter use, by every farmer, deposited in the barn cellar or a shed, in as dry a state as possible. But in the absence of this, straw, litter of any kind, long manure, or manure from the house or cellar may be used. To secure fermentation, a little larger quantity of lime may be used and a good supply of fresh horse manure put next the carcass, and then the whole buried so deep, that the frost will not reach it, and the top of the heap covered as in the other case, with plaster. Decomposition will be much slower than in Summer, and the heap should not be disturbed till the moderate weather of Spring arrives, when it should be treated the same as in the Summer, in every respect, and if commenced as soon as moderate weather comes, it will be fully prepared for use in planting time.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. We are under very special obligations to Hon. H. Hamilton for very valuable public documents. Also to Hon. Marshall P. Wilder of Dorchester, Mass., a member of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, for the Massachusetts Reports on Agriculture.

Also to our Representative to the Legislature, for the Report of the Superintendent of the Common Schools of this State. We shall notice this document next week, when we will endeavor to do both it and its author ample justice.

PEAS. The soil for peas should not be too liberally enriched.

In Board of Agriculture.

STATE OF MAINE.

3. **Stock Farm, Experimental Farm, or Farm School.** Probably these several names are used to indicate nearly, if not identical, the same thing. In most minds, such an institution unites a school with general farm operations in all their varieties, as a mere experimental matter. They contemplate experiments on different breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, to determine what are the best and most profitable for our climate and location; in modes of breeding, rearing and feeding animals for all purposes which they are required, to ascertain which are the best breeds, and the most effective and economical methods for the farmers of the State to follow; in multiplying the quantity, improving the quality and preparing manures for the use of plants, to obtain the largest result at the least cost; in ascertaining the crops most profitable to be cultivated and the varieties of each the most perfectly adapted to this end; in modes of cultivation, application of manures, selection and preservation of seeds, and in all other matters of interest to farmers. With this it is to be connected a school where the science of all this is to be taught, in connection with the practical farm operations. All this must be had, to secure any practical results of importance.

Your committee are free to admit, that this is a most magnificent scheme; and were they merely looking for some great and splendid affair, they could not hesitate a moment in determining its adoption; but they feel they are charged with a duty different from this,—to inquire, What would come of this? Is it adapted to the present wants of our farmers? Can it, by any possibility, meet the republican condition of our agriculturalists, and generally improve the farming interests? Does it promise any results commensurate with the outlay required? These are all questions which ought to be answered; and your committee feel constrained to answer them all in the negative, some reasons for which they propose to give.

In the opinion of your committee, it would require an endowment of nearly half a million of dollars, to purchase land, erect buildings and machinery, procure tools, import different kinds and varieties of animals and seeds, pay the salaries of teachers, superintendents and laborers, and meet the various incidental expenses of such an establishment. This is a very respectable sum to devote to such a purpose, even for a State; but if it promised any results adapted to our wants and circumstances, proportionate to the outlay, or that could not be usefully secured at less cost, in other ways and by more simple means, we should be in favor of the outlay; but this is not the fact as it seems to us.

Such an endowment would afford at six per cent. an annual income of thirty thousand dollars, and your committee would respectfully submit, if the annual appropriation of one half this sum, through the agency of our Agricultural Society, in the bestowment of premiums large enough to be an object worthy an effort to obtain, and if it be thought best, for specific objects, would not be likely to secure a greater number and more satisfactory results, than could be attained by any experiments in any one locality in the State. We have a great variety of soil, and some considerable variety of climate—enough to vitiate an experiment made in one section for another. For example, a breed of stock adapted to the sea-board, is not the best adapted to farms in the interior. So of field crops. What succeeds best and is the most profitable on the sea-board and on one kind of soil, would be unprofitable or entirely fail in the interior, or on a different soil. Hence it is not possible, that such an institution should meet our varied wants as a State, merely in regard to experiments. Nothing short of a trial in all sections of the State, and on all varieties of soil, can make any experiment of general benefit to our agricultural interests.

Another thing. Such an institution cannot possibly furnish facilities for the education of all who are to be farmers in the State. As a necessity, only a select number of persons can enjoy the direct benefits of such an institution. It can bear no other relation to the agricultural interests of the State, than a military or naval school does to the army and navy. And this is our most serious objection to such an institution; for its character must necessarily, be in the highest degree anti-republican, and totally unadapted to our wants as a people. If the land was held by a few landlords, and the great mass of the actual laborers, tenants under the direction of these few, and the army and navy are under the direction of the officers, such a school would answer the wants of the agricultural interests of the State; but such is not, thank God, our condition. The cultivators of the soil, with us, are the owners of the soil. We have no great land owners to act as officers to order and direct our agricultural operations, as officers in the army and navy, while the rank and file have nothing to do but obey orders. On the contrary, as now situated, and as we hope ever shall be situated, every farmer in the State holds the position of a commander-in-chief, and of course, needs the qualifications for such a position. Hence any arrangement by the State, which contemplates anything short of this, is unjust to the interests of the farmers of the State, and anti-republican and aristocratic in its character, and not to be encouraged, much less adopted by the State.

Beside, it is well known to all intelligent men, that large wheels move slow, and that it will require much longer to attain any practical results through the agency of any such mammoth institution, "dragging its

slow length along," than by individual enterprises. And it is very questionable, whether, were such an institution established, private enterprise, in all its experimental features, would not so far outstrip, and distance it, that it would become a kind of "fossil remains" of the dead past, instead of the living present of "Young America."

Such are some of the objections to such an institution or establishment, in the minds of your committee. And it seems to us, that although some benefits might be derived from stock and experimental farms established in all the principal centres of the State, if conducted by men of precisely the right stamp, the benefits likely to arise therefrom, will not be proportionate to the expense, nor as numerous as could be secured by encouraging individual enterprise. And we can see but one advantage to be derived from such public establishments over individual enterprise, and that is their permanency. Individual enterprise stops, usually, with the death of its manager; while a public institution, in such an event, only changes its manager. But it often happens, that a change of managers produces strange revolutions in management, rendering a valuable institution or establishment, comparatively worthless.

So much would your committee offer in relation to the several schemes proposed, to meet the agricultural wants of the State preparatory to presenting the one they elaborate in the next bill, and in the residue of this report, propose to present some of the most prominent of their reasons for its adoption.

Whoever will carefully inspect the annexed bill, will at once perceive, that it lays the foundation broad and deep, and provides equally for the present and future. In the appropriations it recommends, a principle is adopted, which we think ought to be the basis of appropriations for educational purposes; viz. that all institutions which receive the bounty of the State, should be held to render the State directly, a reasonable amount of service therefor, and besought to some supervision by the State, so that the people may know something about their doings, and what sort of use is made of their money.

While your committee are thoroughly persuaded, that one institution of the kind in this State, is amply sufficient to meet all the Agricultural wants of the people, both now and in all coming time, so far as scientific investigation is concerned and the education of teachers and others, they feel, that having two colleges, both of which are doing the same of literature and science, good service in our midst, it would be doing great injustice and wrong to one of the other of these institutions, and inflicting a great injury on the interests of Agricultural Science in the State, to single out one of them as the State's agent and the object of the State's bounty, to the neglect of the other. Hence, we have recommended both our colleges to the same favor, being finally, persuaded, that in no way, under existing circumstances, could the great interests of Agricultural Science be so effectually or economically advanced. This might be made to appear in the strongest light did not time and space forbid. We may suggest, however, before leaving this point, that competition will constitute no mean or inefficient agency, in securing the highest and most enduring success.

We now call attention to some of the principal reasons which have induced your committee to recommend this scheme in preference to any other that has been suggested, so far as educational agencies are concerned.

1. **It secures all we need and conserves from science, both for the present and the future, and effects it in the most economical manner.**

We hardly need suggest to any person who has any knowledge of the subject and the present state of things, that expectations are excited in the minds of a large share of those most interested in agricultural improvement, in relation to what science is to do for this great interest, which can by no possibility be realized. Hence we begin the onset, to offer a few suggestions calculated to set this matter right.

In the first place the chemistry of agriculture is so unlike general chemistry that it is a distinct science, known by another name. It is called by a specific name—"Organic Chemistry." Why? Because it is effected, in its results, by a set of laws unknown to general chemistry. The one deals solely with dead inert matter. The other with such matter in connexion with living organisms. In the one, the laws of analysis and reconstruction are uniform and unvarying. Analysis shows every element which composes particles of matter and that unite in definite proportions, so that we can tell just what will be the result of bringing two substances together under certain given circumstances. If we bring sulphur and lime together under the proper conditions, they will unite and form a sulphate of lime; carbonate of ammonia and sulphur, and the result is, sulphate of ammonia; muriate of soda and lime, and you have a chloride of lime, and so on. In the other, you may analyze and determine the elements of which a seed, a plant or a tree is composed and their precise proportions, and put these elements together again, but by no known law of synthesis can they be made to unite and form a seed, a plant or a tree. Why? Because they are formed by the intervention of another law, the interference of a new agency, entirely unlike anything known to general chemistry. In the play of vital forces which converts these chemical elements into their peculiar forms, and gives them their peculiar characteristics.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

We shall give greater variety hereafter.

POETRY.

Summer Friends.

BY FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

"When Spring the fields in daisies dressed,
And flushed the woods with maple buds,
I spied a little blue-bird's nest
Within a cedar's branching studs.
"Its old gray grass, laid with hair,
The summer's sun had withered up,
And autumn's acres still were there,
Though snows had leaved its tiny cup.
"What then? I heard a pilgrim hymn;
And half forgave the long neglect,
When perched upon the threshold rim,
A little feathered architect.
"And straw by straw the walls he wrought,
And hair by hair the floor he spread;
And when his blue-bird wife he brought,
They slept within the natal bed.
"Oh! how I loved my praiseworthy guest!
For him I loved his homely nest;
With jealous care I fenced their nest,
And watched them as they sang or drew.
"As April passed, and gentle May
Went musing by with leaves and bees;
And two small blue-winged chicks had they
When summer broadened on the trees.
"My very solitude had made
That tiny household seem more sweet;
And often to the back I strayed
To watch the nestling chirp and peep.
"But when the painted autumn came,
And shook the leaves, and bared the wood,<
I scarce the feathered brood could blame,
Though woe their tiny wigwag stood.
"For summer friends had come like the rose,
Like these the summer friends had flown;
When stormy winter stripped the trees,
They left the cold and me alone."

MISCELLANY.

An Old Woman's Reminiscence.

"Do you remember, dear Aunt Ruth," at length said, "that you once promised to tell me a story connected with that grand house and your own little cottage? Suppose you tell it to me on my birthday; it will be doubly pleasant to sit here and listen to you."

The calm, larger expression of Aunt Ruth's face, which I had never before seen disturbed, suddenly changed to one of intense sorrow; or rather, a quick thrill of pain seemed to follow my few words. This, however, was only momentary; in another minute the placid tenderness so natural to her face resumed its sway, and I discovered no other sign of emotion as she answered:

"You shall have your wish, my love," and then added in a low voice: "It is right that she should hear the promised history, and that I should tell it." The latter part of her speech the venerable lady murmured to herself, but addressed to me; then drawing her fine figure to its utmost height and folding her thin white hands upon her lap, she commenced her narrative—which, however, I prefer putting into my own language, believing that Aunt Ruth's natural modesty prevented her from doing justice to the heroine of the story.

"Walter, is late this evening, Mildred, and yet I am almost certain that I saw him pass on the river an hour ago. I may have been mistaken, but I wish you would run down to the old summer-house, and see if the boat is moored. We ought to have got through a good portion of business to-night."

The speaker, a fine old man of some seventy winters, turned as he spoke towards a dark window, where a young and strikingly handsome woman sat resting her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with a look of abstraction upon the twilight shadows as they deepened over the broad river, flowing at the bottom of a long terrace-walk in front of the house. Her father's voice suddenly recalled her dreamy thoughts, and rising hastily she said:

"Yes, dear father, I shall enjoy a stroll to-night; and if the truant has not yet arrived, I can watch for him a little longer from the summer-house. We do not know what may have detained Walter," she added, tenderly rising the old man's hand to her lips; "he knows your love of punctuality, and I am certain he would not wilfully keep you in suspense."

Mildred Vernon was the only child of a widowed parent. A beauty and an heiress she was, as might be supposed, not without a goodly string of admirers; of these, her father's choice and her own affection fell upon a relative of her own, whom her father had brought up to his own calling—that of an East India merchant. Accustomed from boyhood to regard her cousin with affectionate admiration, Walter Vernon deemed it an easy task to Mr. Vernon's affectionate suggestion, to yield up a free heart to her keeping, and he agreed gratefully to the proposals made to him by his uncle, which ended in his being at twenty-one the promised husband of the beautiful Mildred. To Mildred, however, whose ignorance of Mr. Vernon's previous influence with her cousin led her to believe that the declaration of his love was an earnest and independent of extraneous circumstances as her own affection, their engagement was very different, and for some time the happiness of her young life seemed without a cloud.

Situated in a remote corner of the grounds which surrounded Mr. Vernon's mansion, was a low thatched cottage, covered with monthly roses and honey suckle lily to its lofty eaves, and surrounded by a galaxy of blossoms. This snug and rosy dwelling had for years been the abode of Roger Lee, Mr. Vernon's gardener. Here, too, his only child Alice was born; and here, some years after the strong man and his young daughter wept together over the lifeless form of a beloved wife and mother; and the sympathy which had always existed between

Mr. Vernon and his faithful servant seemed more firmly cemented by the melancholy sameness of their relative positions. The little Alice, from her motherless childhood had been an object of interest to the worthy merchant. Born in the autumn of the same year which made him a widowed father, Mr. Vernon looked upon her more in the light of a pretty play-fellow to his own beautiful child, than as the daughter of his servant, and this kindly feeling was displayed in the liberality with which he provided an education for Alice Lee, better suited to her extreme loveliness and natural elegance of mind, than to her more conventional position.

Half an hour before the conversation between Mr. Vernon and his daughter, which we have already related, Alice Lee might have been seen gazing anxiously on the broad river as the young heiress herself. Pushing back the diamond-paned casement until it rested upon a ledge of roses and green leaves, she bent over the low window sill till her golden curls touched the flowers which clustered round. Suddenly she started up as the gentle sound of oars met her ear; and raising a face glowing with love and hope, Alice passed quickly from her stately parlor into the box-bordered walk which led to the river.

"Sweet Alice, am I not punctual?" exclaimed a clear, melancholy voice, as a young man, elegantly dressed in the fashionable costume of the day, bounded up the broad oaken steps which led from the river, and stood beside the gardener's daughter.

"Yes, dear Walter, very punctual; and yet I thought you long, and have been waiting so anxiously for the sound of the oars. But you look sad and anxious, Walter. What has troubled you?"

The young man's brow grew darker, and then exclaimed: "Dear one, would you still desire to hear the cause of my sorrow, if you know that such knowledge must make you a partaker of it? Can your love bear this test, my Alice?"

"O Walter!" murmured Alice reproachfully, as she hid her tearful face on his bosom. "Dear, dear Walter, can you not yet trust my love?"

"I do trust your love, my own sweet Alice, and this only adds to my self-reproach, because Alice"—and the speaker bent his head lower over the drooping form which clung to him so fondly,—it will soon be a sin for us to love each other at all; for unconscious till too late of the nature of my feelings towards you, I have promised to marry my cousin."

Alice Lee raised her head, and gazing for a moment into her lover's face, as if to read there a contradiction to the words he had spoken, sprang from the still cowering arm which had supported her, and as pale as the white rose which clustered round the arched window they had been seated, she appeared to wait in stupefied silence for an explanation.

Another moment, and the rustle of a lady's dress caused the bewildered girl to turn her eyes from the stern look of sorrow which was so plainly portrayed in her companion's face, to one entering an expression equally fearful on the beautiful features of the intruder. Like some fair statue on whose lineaments the intensity of hopeless despair was traced by a master chisel, stood Mildred Vernon. Her large dark eyes were fixed upon the young pair before her with an expression of agony which seemed to overpower their sorrow in sympathy with hers. The quick perception of Alice seemed at once to understand the mystery, and gliding from the seat where she had crouched in her sudden grief she took the passive hand which hung by Mildred's side, and raising it to her lips exclaimed wildly: "Forgive him, dearest lady; only forgive Walter—he will love you. Oh! he does love you already, as you deserve. See, he is weeping! He does not love me now; that is past, dear lady; and you will forgive him, and be his wife!"

Pale and lifeless, the unhappy speaker sank to the feet of her rival, who appeared suddenly recalled to her usual self possession. In a calm voice, she bade Walter carry the fainting Alice to an adjoining summer-house, where she watched with intense solicitude for the first sign of recovery. Then becoming her cousin to her side, she placed Alice Lee's hand in his, and without trusting herself to look into his face, said slowly: "You must tell Alice, Walter, that you are not going to marry your cousin, that you may love her without sin; add that to-morrow, I will prepare him for an interview. There; now pass this poor girl to her home."

Passing rapidly on to the house, Mildred Vernon sought in the solitude of her own chamber, upon her lonely knees, that consolation which her crushed heart so sorely needed; and she arose at length, strengthened and confirmed in the generous self-sacrifice her noble impulsive nature had at once suggested. The cup, indeed, contained a bitter draught; but she resolved to drain it to the very dregs, believing that in the end it would prove a wholesome medicine, which in time might bring back some degree of peace to her troubled breast.

"Your engagement with Walter at an end! What on earth do you mean, child! I always gave you credit for knowing your own mind a little better than most women. Give me your reason for this behavior, Mildred."

Mildred was silent for a moment, as if struggling with some inward emotion, the signs of which were painfully visible on her fine features, as, with a sudden effort, she said firmly: even at the risk of losing what I prize so dearly, your good opinion, dear father, I can assign no other reason than the one already given—namely, that our marriage, if persisted in, would be a source of misery to both of us. Pray believe that this is not grounded upon mere caprice; deep searching into my own heart;

and a clear knowledge of Walter's feelings, have alone led me to decide thus. Only let me ask this favor, dearest father," and the beautiful girl clasped the old man tenderly round his neck, and bent fondly over him—"that you will not alter your pecuniary arrangements with Walter in consequence of this change in my views. Let him be as much your heir as he would have been had he married your daughter."

And what becomes of my daughter? If she is satisfied to be a portionless beauty for her cousin's sake, might not her future husband reasonably regard this preference of a once-favored lover with something nearly akin to jealousy?"

"Dear father, do not pain me by speaking thus. In giving up Walter, I give up all thought of marriage. My dear mother's fortune is an ample one for a spinster—is it not, sir? Nay, you almost promised not to visit the sin of my fickleness, as you term it, upon Walter, so make me happy now by ratifying that promise."

Mildred's soft, clear voice faltered perceptibly in spite of her efforts to appear calm; and when Mr. Vernon raised his head, and looked up into her face, he saw that she had been weeping.

"Come, my Mildred, no tears. We will say no more about your marrying, my sweet child, and as to this other matter, it shall be arranged nearly as you would have it—only my Mildred must be mistress of this old house; that cannot be Walter's now."

Mr. Vernon kept his word; and when, a year after the events just related, his nephew followed him to the grave, he returned to find himself master of the princely fortune he believed to have been forfeited by his inconstancy. Some months later, Walter led his gentle Alice to a handsome home in the city, where his happiness would have been complete but for the painful knowledge that this happiness was built upon the blighted hopes of her to whom he owed all his prosperity.

In accordance with her father's wish and the provisions of his will, Mildred Vernon still kept up her establishment at Battersea, living a life of quiet usefulness and benevolence until all traces of her sorrow seemed to have been chased away. Mildred had sedulously avoided meeting her cousin after the death of her father, and she had not seen Alice since the fatal scene which opened her eyes to her lover's real feeling towards herself. The sudden news of the entire failure of one of Walter's business speculations at length roused her to more active efforts.

Determined, at any sacrifice, to secure the comforts of her beloved cousin, Mildred decided upon mortgaging her estate to its full value, and thus, in some measure, relieving him from his embarrassments. This generous idea was no sooner conceived than executed; and a second time in his life, Walter found himself saved from comparative ruin by the woman he had so cruelly wronged.

Years passed on; the mortgage upon the old mansion was at length cleared, and it passed into the hands of a stranger, while its once wealthy mistress retired to the cottage of old Roger Lee, which, with a large portion of garden, she had managed to retain; and here, with one faithful attendant, her days flowed by as peacefully as when she was surrounded by the luxuries of fortune.

Not until Alice sorrowed over the lifeless form of her husband, did Mildred conquer her feelings sufficiently to visit her. She did then forget and conquer them; and it was to her earnest sympathy and active diligences, that the widow of Walter Vernon, and her daughter Mildred, were indebted for a more comfortable maintenance than the embarrassed state of the merchant's affairs would allow. Mildred lived to see this orphaned namesake the wife of a good connoisseur, and the affection and reverence of the grandchildren of her early and only love—Walter Vernon.

Such was Aunt Ruth's story of her own checked life; for my readers will have long since guessed that she was the beautiful and generous Mildred Vernon of my tale. It is a tale, however, that is not a fiction. Romantic as is the love-story of our heroine, and unnatural as is the facility with which the father yields to her wishes, there are many who will be able to strip the narrative of its thin disguises, and detect in it an episode of real life.

SUPPRESSING A BEER SHOP. An enterprising Dutchman, who keeps a beer and porter house in Houston street, N. Y., gave the following story, of an assault on his premises. Speaking of the person committing the row, he said:

"He came in and axed me to sell him some beer; I told him he had more than he could hold—he called me Dutch liar, and began to poke two tumblers, ven me and Hans Speigler, and my wife and sister Petsey, and all do toler me about my price, begin to put him out; and prospect he come back mit twenty more shoes like him, and say, 'I will fix dis beer concern and proak him up, so dat sentenments may get drunk like sentenments, on gin and brandy, and not on dis tam Tueth piec.' Den day kick Hans Speigler behind his pack and kissed my sister Petsey before her face, and proak all der glass potes except der pig stone biter, and spilt my wife and me and lodder parcels of beer all over de cellar. Hans run out der door and called for der watch-house and my wife cried 'Murter,' like der tevil, put pedore der watch-house cone, ter tam pedore proke us all up to piceos—me, and my wife and my sister Petsey, and Hans Speigler, and der pottles and tumblers, and plates, and dishes, all moshed up to gadder."

When will water stop running down hill? When it gets to the bottom.

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, MARCH 2, 1855.

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W. A. PIDGIN & Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Republican Nominations

FOR GOVERNOR.

ANSON P. MORRILL,
OF READFIELD.

NOTICE.

The subscriber having sold the Democrat establishment to Messrs. W. A. Pidgin & Co., the paper will hereafter be published by them. They have purchased the bills from February 1855, and will be responsible for all debts contracted on account of the Democrat since that date; my connection with the establishment having ceased entirely.

NOAH PRINCE.

To the Patrons of the Oxford Democrat.

In accordance with the announcement made in our last issue, we this week present our readers with the Democrat in an entire new dress. The new publishers, being aware of the financial condition of this journal, and knowing that its extensive patronage would warrant such an expenditure, have taken this early opportunity to gratify not simply their own pride of mechanical neatness and beauty, but also to express, in language the most unequivocal, their gratitude to present patrons and their desire to merit still higher prosperity and favor, at the hands of an intelligent community. In elegance of type, in mechanical execution as well as quality of paper, the Oxford Democrat will hereafter compare favorably with any newspaper in the State.

We would not indulge in any excessive self-laudation on an occasion like this. We feel that humility and silent gratitude are far more becoming. But when we turn and look back on the past—when we note the condition of parties two years ago—when we saw the Democrat after deserting the standard of Democratic Republicanism—when bolting and forsaking party principles and party allegiance became the order of the day—when new journals were sprung into existence with new devices to betray and betray the time-honored principles of true Democratic Republicanism—when public officers were not ashamed to enter the political arena and traduce and vilify respectable citizens assuming to be their masters and not their servants—when men were found base enough to publish the vilest slanders, under anonymous signatures—when such men were threatening vengeance, prosecution and even personal violence, against those who opposed such political aristocracy—when we look back and recall all this, we feel that Providence has been with us, and that righteous retribution has overtaken those who have advocated such false doctrines and committed such ignominious deeds who have deserted the temple of Liberty and set at naught the principles of our forefathers.

For all the prosperity we have received, we owe our gratitude and thanks to an intelligent and generous community. At home and abroad we have found friends, patrons and earnest advocates. But in "Old Oxford" where true democracy has been the deepest root, and nurtured in every heart, we have found a noble response to our exertions. The hearty sons of toil, the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic the professional man have all lent their cheerful aid; and given us their generous patronage and hearty encouragement.

But there is another side. These are, there were, those at home and abroad—members of the press and anti-political historians—who cried "traitor," "Rogue," "Nigger," "Rascal," "Abolitionist," and who could not sufficiently show their zeal in throttling those who consistently maintained their principles. We know not whether to thank this class of men for hanging themselves or not. But we are satisfied that their chosen course did their opponents much service, no less valuable, thanks or no thanks. And what is best of all they have to a great extent laid down their ridiculous and outlandish weapons.

The Oxford Democrat is now the only Democratic Republican paper published in the County of Oxford. It has also a much larger circulation than its contemporaries. It is the only journal in this County which opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—which opposed the extension of slavery in Kansas and Nebraska—which supports a law for the protection of society against the evils of intemperance—which advocates the principles of individual liberty and personal rights and the return of the Federal Government to the strict letter of the Constitution. Will not the people sustain it? As they have done, so they will do. This we confidently believe; and trusting in their kindness and forbearance we hope the efforts of the publishers will receive at their hands hereafter as heretofore, renewed tokens of both their justice and generosity.

To the people of the County we would say that the new publishers have added a new feature to the Democrat and therefore enlarged its sphere of usefulness. The interest of the farmer will hereafter be one of special care. This new department will be under the control of Parus Forbe, Esq., a member of the Board of Agriculture, a gentleman of acknowledged talent, whose zeal in agricultural investigations will ensure useful and practical results. We hope the Farmers will appreciate this new outlet of labor and expense and reward it accordingly.

In a word, the publishers are resolved to give the people of Oxford County an in-

dependent, useful political, Agricultural and Miscellaneous family newspaper, the chief aim of which is Truth. In the strong language of John Milton, the great Reformer who suffered for his freedom of opinion, we like him would assert, that

"Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policy, no stratagems, nor likenesses, to make her victorious. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to murther her strength. Let truth and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a fair and open encounter?"

This is the rock on which we plant ourselves; and come frowns or favors, we will tread the path of truth wherever she may lead the way.

Antiquarian Supper in Bethel.

The following communication is both unique and entertaining. It gives an account of an entertainment, which must have been social, useful and amusing. We think similar meetings for similar purposes, might be held with profit in every town and village. Soon the generation which first settled this County will have passed off the stage. Most of the pioneers are already gone. To treasure up their memory, to record their deeds, to celebrate their praises, to imitate their patriotic and virtuous example, to rehearse their legends, to recall their customs, sufferings and relics, should be the high ambition of their sons. We thank the author for this favor, and publish it with favor; and would be happy to receive others of a similar character.

For the Democrat.

ANTHROPOLITAN SUPPER. The Bethel Farmer's Club, in this place, had a supper of the olden time, last evening, which furnished a fine opportunity to collect together the antiquities of the place; and, although we could boast of no articles from the May-Flower, yet enough were gathered to furnish a delightful theme for the evening. A beautiful supper was furnished, consisting of the vegetable bean porridge of the past, pumpkin pie, fire cake, parched corn, and sage, which were eaten with as much apparent relish, as if it had been a more fashionable supper. A blessing was asked by the patriarch of the town, Peter Twitchell, Esq., now in his ninety-fifth year, who, though unexpectedly called upon, collected his ideas so as to adapt them to the special occasion, much to the delight of the company. After supper, a poem was delivered, commemorative of bean porridge, when an examination was made of the antiquities present. An ancient plate, belonging to the old Gen. Putnam family, was exhibited by one of his descendants. A mug purchased and used at the battle of Bunker Hill. A porcelain tea-cup of olden time, a really elegant affair, much resembling a modern Cologne bottle, was exhibited by Hon. Moses Mason, which acquired an additional interest when he informed us that the article was formerly set on the table as a part of the regular toilet, when each one poured out the dry tea into his little mug or cup, and then poured on boiling water for beverage. Various articles of eastern and silver ware, a hundred years old, and upwards, were also exhibited.

An old fashioned hat, bonnet and cloak of red broadcloth, furnished a rich fund of amusement to the young people. The bonnet, a splendid affair in its day, was the reverse of those worn at the present time, possessing a most ample front as well as rear.

A few ancient books were collected from the Academy Library, and from private individuals, among which were an Arithmetic and Latin Grammar, used just one hundred years ago. These were the property of Rev. Daniel Gould, the first settled minister of the town. A pamphlet without date, entitled, "Consideration on the Propriety of Imposing Taxes in the British Colonies, for the purpose of raising a Revenue, by Act of Parliament," manifested a readiness of temper quite characteristic of our forefathers. Another book printed about the year 1717, was on various religious subjects. Among the titles was, "Some few lines towards a description of the NEW HEAVEN," written in 1697, author unknown. The writer states that in 1622, at Plymouth, the drought lasted from the third week in May, to the middle of July, without any rain, and with great heat for the most part, "reminding us of a similar draught experienced here last year. Another book was printed in 1733, entitled "Durham Cathedral, together with the Historians painted in the Windows." The most curious book exhibited was printed in London in 1725, and is entitled "A New Theory of Physics and Diseases, founded on the Principles of the Newtonian Philosophy." A single extract may enlighten your medical readers:

"Bloodless must arise in all cases, where the solidities of the nourishing Particles are less than their Surface. In Proportion to the Quantity of Matter they contain, which must render them less compactly adhering to the Constitution of the Body, and of Consequence must give them greater void Spaces, from whence arises that State or Condition, we call a bulky, or unweildy Corpulency."

A Catalogue of Harvard College, previous to the Revolutionary War, was exhibited by John A. Twitchell. Sixty-two students graduated 1771.

A manuscript in the hand-writing of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, while in England, in 1766, was among the interesting relics of the past.

The first thanksgiving sermon ever delivered in town was written by Caleb Bradley, A. M., candidate for the ministry, in 1798, and printed at Frysburgh by Elijah Russell, of which a copy was exhibited. The first wagon that ever came into town, was in the year 1811. Whenever a person came to Bethel, they were said to come through the woods, as it was an unbroken forest for many miles. Consequently when a stranger came, everybody knew it, and ascertained his business before he left. The first building erected in the vicinity was a grist mill in 1774. No miller attended, but every man carried his grist and ground it himself. The same course was adopted with the saw mill. The first house painted white was erected in 1814, by Hon. Moses Mason, to whom we were indebted for many interesting facts. Seven by nine glass, at that time, was eleven cents a square; lime, seven dollars a cask; nails, a shilling a pound.

On the other hand a house frame cost nothing for the material. A pine tree that would now be worth fifty dollars, was sold for one dollar. In the early history of the town, a man went on foot 70 miles to Portland with his hand sled and hauled home a bushel of salt. The second child born in town is Joseph Twitchell, seventy-three years old, and still a vigorous man. His mother came into town on snow shoes. The first barrel of York flour ever brought into town was in 1824. Previous to that time the inhabitants carried a surplus of wheat to market.

Among the first settlers was Eli Twitchell, whose daughter, now living, he carried in his arms twenty miles through the woods. He kept the first store in town. There are but three heads of families now living in town, who were such in 1799. The first representative to the State Legislature was Eli-ah Chapman in 1808. The first post-office in town was established in 1814. Moses Mason, Jr., P. M. The first ordained minister in town was Rev. Daniel Gould, a graduate of Harvard College. The first school-house in 1800. The first meeting-house in 1805. The first family who wintered in town was that of Samuel Ingalls, in 1770.

The Indians frequently visited the inhabitants. Among these was an Indian doctor, the last of the Pequawket tribe, by the name of Molycock. He was fond of rum and emptying, of the latter he would drink a pint at a time. A good story is told of him, that when he was called to see a patient, the priest desired some money to pay his soul out of Purgatory. She bawled him to take less, but he refused. She at last counted out the money and laid it on the table, when he made his prayer, and told her that her husband was safe. Then she said to him, "He said safe?" He replied to her satisfaction. She immediately took the money, and put it into her pocket. The priest desired to pray him back again. She says, "Mr. Sanhop very careful Indian; when he got up in a bad place, he stick um up stick, and never catch um there again;" and she went off with the money. She was supposed to be over a hundred years old, and used to say that she could remember Lovell's Fight in 1724. A branch of the St. Francis tribe occupied the fertile intervals in town where they raised their corn. The corn-hills were recognized many years after the town was settled.

In 1780 three of the citizens were taken captive by the Indians. One escaped, and the others were carried to Canada, where they were redeemed the next year.

Such are some of the facts gathered at the meeting, which we do not pretend to note down in chronological order. Nor is this the time to collect the materials for the history of the towns in Oxford County. The present generation can recount what they and their fathers have seen. It is contemplated at a future time to have a similar meeting embracing as many of the "antiquities" as possible, for the purpose of collecting all the facts of the early history of the town. If a company of thirty individuals can bring out so many facts, what may we not expect from a public meeting. I need scarcely add that the meeting was a happy one to all present. Speeches were made, and the President presided with his usual ease and dignity.

Republican State Convention.

The State Convention for the nomination of Governor, was held at Augusta on the 22d of Feb., according to previous notice. The Convention was very fully attended by members of the Republican party from all parts of the State. We give the proceedings in another column.

It will be seen by these proceedings, that Hon. Anson P. Morrill has again been put in nomination for the suffrages of the people of Maine. This is not only right; but is agreeable to our expectations. It is no mere compliment. It is a simple act of justice to the Andrew Jackson of Maine—the man of frankness, integrity and discretion—the man who, dures to follow where principle leads, though deserters swarm like snow flakes—the man who is willing to be guided by the principles of early republicanism as taught by Washington, Jefferson and Monroe—and who feels that personal, individual Liberty, State rights, economical expenditures and a general diffusion of knowledge and Temperance are among the sacred obligations of government.

We confess that it would have pleased us better had the gubernatorial State Convention been postponed till next June; but we are willing to admit that the result would have been the same. Hon. Anson P. Morrill was the man wanted by the people—nomination or no nomination, whether in February or June; and he will be elected if his life is spared, on another contest, even against the Harrison campaigner who "never lost a race."

This was a glorious Convention for the Anniversary of Washington. Under such auspices the star of Liberty is in the ascendant and its future triumph certain.

"STILL HARTING," &c. The Age and other old Fusion Nationals are in deep affliction just at this moment, at the re-nomination of Mr. Morrill. This event has stirred up a new catalogue of groans, fault-finding and political animosity. What can the people of Maine do that will please these dissatisfied political paragon? When they do anything for these old Fusionists, and put them into power, they are praised, extolled to the skies, as the intelligent democracy of the land, and the virtuous sons of Columbia. But when they desert those political tricksters, those old fusion, sectional nationalists, who violate party principles and virtually deny the true democratic faith, then they are called fusionists, traitors, speckled, pie-bald gamblers, and the like. These old fusionists say "if we are up, the people are good; if we are not, they are fools." How can we people suit these curious sticklers for popular sovereignty?

FILE AT YARMOUTH. We learn by the Advertiser, that on the 21st, the buildings occupied by Ammi Storrs, B. Freeman, and the Post-office, and owned by Mr. Lincoln, were destroyed by fire, together with a stable belonging to Mr. Lincoln.

Summary of Weekly News.

The Senate of Maine has passed a Bill appropriating some \$50,000 for the establishment and support of various institutions of learning. The times are not propitious for such generosity in the use of the public funds even if the expediency of such a measure were generally admitted. A Normal School is the only institution really demanded of the Legislature at the present time.

The Committee to reorganize the Judiciary of this State consisting of Messrs. Kent, Rand and Morrill are now in session at Augusta.

A Bill was passed by the Senate, U. S., a few days ago appropriating \$3,700 to Messrs. Love and Guest, two Chickasaw Indians, in payment for certain slaves which were carried off by some Texans. Several gentlemen in this vicinity have lost sheep and sundry times. They should forthwith seek relief and obtain it from this same tribunal on the principle of analogy.

The Island of Cuba is declared in a state of siege in consequence of the discovery of a conspiracy to assassinate the Captain General. Certain Cubans, together with Col. Kennedy's Quinman and Henderson, Americans, are reported to be concerned in the plot. Caneha has made a general call to arms.

The British Cabinet has been reconstructed under the premiership of Lord Palmerston.

Sebastopol is not yet taken. The Diplomats are negotiating for peace. Great war preparations are being made in all parts of Europe.

John B. Miller, recently nominated as Secretary of the Peruvian Legation, was withdrawn by the President in consequence of his Anti-Nebulosa "sayings and doings." "Cursed is every man who sticks to the principles of Jefferson and Liberty," according to the Douglas and Toombs Litany.

New Hampshire is undergoing political dissection preparatory to the coming election. Metcalf, "Republican" and Baker, "National," are the principal candidates for Governor. Regular nominations are disregarded on all sides. The campaign turns on the principles of Freedom, Temperance and Reform. The Washington politicians are as much interested in saving that State as they were in saving Maine, and their services are similarly appreciated. For such conduct they should read the old, emphatic and stern Republican rebukes of General Jackson.

Mexico is threatened with another Revolution. The troops of Santa Anna have been defeated at various points.

The Collins's Liverpool steam ship monopoly is likely to be broken up. An intelligent Naval officer has made an estimate whereby he concludes that Steamships of the same size as those of the Collins line might each realize a profit of \$5,000 dollars without the aid of Government. The Collins ships now receive a bounty of some \$200,000 each per annum at the present time from the government.

The vote of the House, on the passage of the French Spoilation Bill, after the veto, stood—yeas, 113, nays, 85.

YANKEE INEVITABILITY. A friend informs us that the little steamer "Surprise," built to run on the Androscoggin, and which we recently reported as in "winter quarters," has rather a novel shelter. The owners drew her upon the shore in a cove and built a sawmill over the steamer, using the engines as a motive power for the mill, while the mill answers the purpose of bathhouse.

We have heard doubts expressed as to the practicability of navigating the Androscoggin, at that point, but have not the least fear but the owners who give the steamer such employ in the winter, will make it do its appropriate duty in the Summer.

The Levee Journal states that during the exhibition of the High School, in that village on Friday evening, one of the camp-lamps fell to the floor, breaking and setting fire to the campfire. The fire communicated to the clothing of some of the audience; but was extinguished without much damage.

THE LEGISLATURE. The principal business has been the consideration of the Penobscot Railroad loan bill. The House elected "Friend" Eli Jones, as Major General of the 2d Division of Militia, but he thought the legislation a little in advance of the times, and resigned. The committee report leave to withdraw, on petitions for a Railroad from Harrison to Portland.

ECLIPSES IN 1855. There will be four—two each of the Sun and Moon, as follows: 1st, Moon; May 1; 9:30 evening; visible. 2d, Sun; May 15; invisible here. 3d, Moon—total; Oct. 25; 1 A. M.; visible. 4th, Sun; Nov. 9; invisible except at Australia and N. Zealand.

The owner of Anthony Burns, has given bond to sell him for \$1,500, which sum is nearly all obtained. Anthony will now have the privilege of using his own legs in the process of locomotion.

A fugitive slave named Boyd, fled from Rochester at the time of the passage of the fugitive slave bill, and went to Australia. There he has accumulated \$8,000, and a few weeks since remitted \$200, which was due to a gentleman in Rochester.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE ANNIVERSARY. On Tuesday next, (March 6) there will be an anniversary celebration at South Paris, of the Aedra Division of the sons of Temperance, at 10 o'clock A. M. Distinguished speakers from abroad are expected, and the members of the order will dine at the Atlantic House. The public are invited to attend.

There was another accident on the Kennebec & Portland Railroad on the 24th, resulting in the death of the engineer, Alfred S. Griffin, whose head was completely severed from his body. Mr. G. was 25 years old and leaves a wife and two children.

The accident is supposed to have been caused by the breaking of some of the machinery. The Coroners Jury report that they were unable satisfactorily to account for the tender and engine running off the track.

For the Oxford Democrat.
Who will "own and shelter" the people of Maine?

If, as is stated, they are "mutineers," "come outers," or rebels from other political organizations, they have exhibited an independence of mind, a moral courage, and a self respect, which refuses to submit to the mandates of party hacks, and would-be leaders, or to suffer their independence of thought to be hampered, by the shackles of party despotism.

It requires but little moral courage, to follow in the wake of aspiring demagogues, and play the sycophant to designing cliques, in company with a duped majority; but some strength of mind is requisite, to break loose from the shackles of the majority, and, in a feeble minority, for the sake of enjoying freedom of opinion and action, to bear the reproaches and anathemas of former associates.

According to the showing of the Age, of such men the Republican Party now composed. From such men, whom the hope of office could not seduce, nor the "raw head and bloody bones," so often presented, in the form of threat of ostracism, and proscription, could not terrify, what have the opposition to hope? It is more than probable, if the standard bearer of such a party, should blunder, or perform a political somersault, the party, instead of flourishing, or becoming a confused multitude of bewildered stragglers, would keep right on, in a tangent, to the designed goal.

But suppose the "catastrophe" to be equal to what the prophetic vision of the Age has discovered in the misty future, and at some subsequent period, the Republican Party, like the builders of Babel, should become politically confounded—the important question arises—Who would "own them," and where would they "find shelter?"

A deplorable sight, indeed! Fifty thousand free electors of Maine, politically out of doors, seeking owners and shelter! and where they will find either, is more than can be told! Why, they would be in a worse condition than the free negroes at the South, who are often taunted by the slaves, as poor dogs, having no owners or masters!

Considering the former condition of politics in this State, and particularly in this County, it is no wonder, that certain politicians should look with surprise and commiseration upon a body of electors, going at large, without owners or masters, and without shelter, save that of their own building.

Being thus forewarned, it behooves the people to look around them, and see if any future refuge can be found, in case this fearful "catastrophe" should transpire.

Perhaps the few remaining whigs, of the 14,000, who have not "struck to the mutineers," would not feel disposed to receive a small recruit of forty-five or fifty thousand liberal voters, and might consent to "own" them, and "shelter" them from the storm of national democracy.

Should the whig door be closed against this homeless, homeless band of exiles, perhaps, it would not be presuming too much—though we do sometimes presume too much on the good nature of others—to presume, that the party, which threw some 25,000 votes for Mr. Parris last fall, would not be too fastidious to receive into camp a few of the mutineers' people—enough, at all events, to give them, once more, the control of the granite structure, which overlooks the city of Augusta.

It would be useless to look for protection to the 2,000 or 4,000 who voted for Hon. S. Cary, for they, too, are a "band of mutineers." Yet, should they continue the business of housekeeping by themselves, in case the predicted disaster should befall the "Morrill Dynasty," they might consent to take in a few boarders, rendered shelterless by the said "catastrophe." This small recruit would increase their family, sufficient for all practical purposes.

The Age, after leaving the good people of the State, the "band of political mutineers," as it calls them, out in the cold storms of winter, with the heavy frost of January upon their locks, and its own party "down in the cold straits of Babylon," goes on in the future declarative as follows:

"The democratic party will, however, resume its sway shortly—stronger, more united and wiser, for the sad experience and stern lessons of the past."

If the true democratic party is here meant, few will doubt the correctness of the oracle; for of its truth, we already have ocular demonstrations. But if that party, terming itself "national," is meant, which has no principles but those ready manufactured by its masters, at Washington, and which bows implicitly to the dictation of the central clique, "the signs of the times" are too ominous, for any to suppose that it will "shortly resume its sway" over the people.

It is vain for that party to raise the clamorous cry of democracy! democracy! thinking to dupe the people, by exhibiting the shadow of a cast off skin, while the true substance is wanting.

As the Age has lately humbled itself before the central organ, "and licks the hand just raised to shed its blood," rather than gather up its "kit," and budge out of the "national" camp, it is presumed, the latter named party, and no other, was meant by the oracle.

From what source, does the eye of this prophet behold this accession of strength coming? Is it from the camp of the "mutineers," on whom the "national democracy" has heaped denunciation and anathemas without stint or limit? All the members of the Republican Party, who were formerly members of the old organization, have been denounced as "traitors," "mutineers," "niggers," "rascals," "logus," &c., not only by the members of the "national party," but also by their presses. The insinuation has been made, from all quarters of their camp, that such members could return to the old party, only as beasts of burden. Does it not appear, then, that recruits from this source, must necessarily be, "like angels visits, few and far between?" Does the "national democracy" expect to mend its waning future, by adding to its numbers the few remaining whigs, who have not gone over to the "mutineers?"

It has been courting them for a long time. Whether it will succeed in winning, or not, remains to be seen. Should its advances be crowned with success, it will hardly be in a condition to "resume its sway." An alliance with the Cary Democrats, would be an advance into the camp of "mutineers." It seems, therefore, impossible for the "national democracy," to "resume its sway shortly," without the aid of the "mutineers," whom it has so freely denounced, whether it will "own" and "shelter" them, or not. The embryo "nationals," "slumbering in their sins," whose advent and maturity, are to usher in the reign of "national democracy," must be a forlorn hope, to the mind of the author of this prophecy.

Should that party return to first principles, it would, doubtless, become strong; but it would no longer be the same party, having changed its nature to something nobler and higher.

PERU, February, 1855.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Republican Triumphs in Old Oxford.

Mr. Editor.—A brief review of the past, relating to political matters in this County, must be interesting to every true Republican. The Convention held on the 8th of July, 1852, and its doings, must still be fresh in the recollection of the people of this County. The frauds, outrages and rascalities perpetrated at that Convention, by those who constituted its majority, will long be remembered.

The question, whether the infamous and disgraceful doings of the majority of that meeting should be ratified at the polls, was directly presented to the electors of this County. The true democracy were not long in deciding as to their future course. A Convention of the People, themselves, was called, and they promptly assembled; and at this meeting was laid the Platform of the present Republican Party in Maine.

They not only "resolved," but acted. The demagogues who controlled the 8th of July Convention, at first, sneered and professed great contempt for the new movement, and really supposed the people were as corrupt as themselves; and that by hawling, "logus nigger," "rascal!" &c., at the corners of the streets, and, through their spiritual medium, in the Norway Advertiser, they could drive the people into their support. But in this they found themselves mistaken. Such a victory as Messrs. Walker, Holman & Co. obtained at the succeeding election, would kill any party not already dead. Walker & Holman got into the Senate by the very "skin of their teeth." There they fairly represented their friends, who, by fraud, put them in nomination, by voting against the regular nominees of the democratic party for Governor, and by their votes electing the whig candidates. The session closed, and with it, the political career of those two men.

Subsequently, Holman was again taken up and endorsed by his friends, and again put in nomination for the Senate; and upon the same ticket was put the name of Abernethy Grover, who had previously rendered himself somewhat conspicuous by treating the express instructions of the people with contempt. But the people had had enough of such democracy, and by a very decisive vote gave those two gentlemen leave to stay at home; and placed in their stead Judge PRINCE and Hon. H. HENRICKS.

Another year rolled round; and the last election completely demonstrated what little remained of liberal, wild cat democracy in Oxford County.

The old dynasty, which had ruled and cheated the people of the County, "died hard." They had so long monopolized all the offices and places of honor and trust—had so long had their iron heel upon the necks of the people, and grown fat out of the land earnings of the farmers and mechanics and the spoils of "Gun Houses," that when "driven away in their wickedness" by an insulted, outraged people, and compelled to embark upon their political craft, headed for Salt River, they looked the very personification of distress.

The results of the last election in the County are truly gratifying to the friends of reform. William Thompson, who, in 1846, set at defiance the wishes of his constituents, by voting against Mr. Hamlin, and by his single vote defeating his election; and who was the next year saved from a total defeat, at the democratic convention, by some of the very men he had opposed, by voluntarily making pledges which he subsequently, shamefully violated; was placed in nomination for County Commissioner; and this time he got his just deserts. The people remembered him and relieved him, in advance, of all public responsibility, by electing a good and true man over him. The whole County ticket prevailed; and Messrs. Grover & Holland were signally defeated at the polls.

But upon no question before the people at the last election, did the wild cats fight with such unprincipled desperation, as the election of a member of Congress from the Second Congressional District. The candidate of the Republican party having been identified with the early movements of the true democracy to rid the County from the misrule of pro-slavery demagogues and liberal politicians, had become the object of their particular hate and inveterate malice.

A Pierce & Douglas renegade was imported into the County of Oxford, and at a regular democratic (heaven save the mark,) convention and at other places, wherever he could get anybody to listen to his profane ralhady, pothouse slang, and brutal abuse; he was found—the true exponent of Pierce democracy—belching forth his dirt and filth at the whole Republican party, and at Gen. PERRY, in particular.

Custom House officers from Boston, Portland, and other places, were sent round through the district, at the bidding of their master at the White House. Parson Shaw and his anonymous scribblers, sent out the Norway Advertiser, steaming with malicious falsehoods, libelous slanders and cowardly abuse; and while they extolled the Hon. Wm. K. Kimball, as being one of the most eminent lawyers, profound statesmen, and really one of the greatest men of the age—on the other hand they tried to belittle his opponent into a man of no standing at all.

The Austrian Advocate, at Lewistown, joined in the crusade—while the Argus,

Agos Belfast Journal and other kindred sheets, entered the ring, each apparently anxious to excel in shameless falsehoods, infamous libels, and vulgar abuse of the Republican candidate and his friends. Compare this course with that pursued upon the other side. Gen. Perry, both upon the stump and in private, upon all occasions, spoke in most respectful terms of his opponent, Mr. Kimball; and while he hotly combated his political principles, he respected the man.

The Oxford Democrat, and other papers, supporting the Republican candidate, never indulged in a word of personal abuse of his antagonist; and to the credit of Mr. Kimball, I understand he condemned in strongest terms the disgraceful course pursued by many of his friends towards Gen. Perry, with whom he then was and now is, on terms of personal friendship. The people, burning with honest indignation, went to the polls and swept from the field the whole hunker army and their chosen leader, and achieved one of the most brilliant victories upon record. The "best abashed" man in the State came out of the fight triumphantly victorious—lacked up by the unprecedented majority of almost 2000, in the district, and a good working majority in the County of Oxford, where his opponents had boasted they could beat him a thousand.

Where now are the leading spirits in the 8th of July Convention of '52, who made up its majority? Where is Col. Strickland long since decapitated and sent into obscurity by the Governor his particular friends elect? Where is the Rev. G. K. Shaw? The same hands that slew his friend the Col. put his head on the political gallows, and left his body headless—giving him full liberty to "go back to Old Virginia," and devote his whole time in sending forth his luminous, chaste, learned, spirited and typical productions to the democratic party and the "rest of mankind," through the old bogus Norway Advertiser.

Where is the gallant Col. Osgood, who always came "fresh from the people," at every democratic convention?—Away up in the Pequawket county, living in peaceful retirement on the "spoils of Goubauxes." Where is Col. Walker, who was in the front ranks of the onslaught on Gov. Holburn? Not long ago, but long ago Agent for the town of Lowell—not fattening upon the spoils of Down East Timber Lands but upon the spoils of the "tap and fanet," while "brother John" is one of the selectmen of that town, with a dubious prospect before him of ever again reaching that exalted position.

If we enquire after William Thompson, we have already said the people took good care of him last fall. The last public position we ever saw Joseph Dearborn, Esq., occupying, was holding a Court, to try an officer of the law, and his aids, of the business office of trying to execute the laws of the State, under a legal warrant. The probability is, that his services will not be called for again upon a like occasion; at present, so that the Equine can devote his time hereafter, at the speed of "two-forty," in the strict enforcement of the law against the immoralities in Eastern Oxford and Androscoggin.

Our good natured friend, Hon. Joseph Tobin, is now watching an empty jail, (unless recently tampered,) and violating every principle of the democratic party, and most embarrassing the Union itself, by holding office under a "fusion" administration.

Where are now the men that resisted the frauds and outrages of the said 8th

